In heach sandals I almost ran all the way to Urrugne. I was holding M.'s letter in my hand. The sun was dazzling. The hour went by and I was still alive. On the heights, along the slopes, asphodels grew abundantly; not that many-branched asphodel of the moors in the Card region or of the sacred purlieus of Syracuse, but rather bearing its flowers on a single stem like tritomas.

The day before yesterday on the rocks, near Vera, we had gathered some heather with globular blossoms the color of digitalis, almost each one alone on its stem and so large that it seemed to bend the stem down.

On these rocks and on the embankments along the road a vigorous creeping plant with blue flowers (of that deep blue that I had never seen except in gentians, and which Jammes says is a gentian in fact) dots the grass with tiny gulfs of night One's eye plunges voluptuously into them.

At San Sebastian, on the square, we ordered Spanish chocolate, thick and strongly flavored with cinnamon; it is served in little cups, much too small to my way of thinking. Jeanne claims she cannot endure Spanish chocolate, so she asks for a French chocolate. Almost at once she is brought some of this chocolate; yes, the same. But the cup is much bigger and Jeanne declares it to be excellent. Em. is willing to try the Spanish chocolate, but shudders at the thought of the cakes made of eggs. And since I am irritated to see them both so resigned (or decided) to enjoy this country only through their eyes or, at most, to taste it with the tip of their tongues, I thought as I sank my teeth into that oily, curdled, saffron-flavored paste that I was biting right into Spain itself; it was terrible.

After thirty-five you are easily tempted to ascribe to age the least effect of fatigue, and even to prolong it by refusing to consider it at first as a passing discomfort.

My low physical condition of late (it had lasted for almost three weeks). I seriously began to think that I should never get over it.

Already I had accepted the inevitable, resigned to a half-life; writing had become a chore to which my will alone forced me; life had lost its savor.

Bordeaux

I am writing in order to look as if I were writing, in this small barbershop from which the summer heat is shut out; the physical charm of this hour; the barber's silent bustle; a fly occasionally annoys me.

Sunday

Back from Bordeaux. Arrived this morning at seven. If it were my house in Auteuil, I should return home with greater pleasure. In this